



Eat Me

orphan_account

Eat Me by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Biting, Breathplay, Monster Dick, Other, Rough Sex, Smut, but i will try to do so anyway, if you think i know how to write two interdimensional beings fucking you are wrong, people who post this shit w/o orphaning it are fucking fearless

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Summary:

You hate him, you really do. But your species is dying out, precious few left these days, and you aren't going to doom your race to extinction out of spite and pettiness.

Eat Me

Author's Note:

not even three days ago i was laughing at people who want to fuck the clown. now look at me, wanting to fuck the clown.

Your tail rasps against the slimy, damp concrete as you roughly perch yourself on his hips, the blade on the end of it sending sparks skittering up and away into the darkness. Claws dig into your waist, drawing blood such a dark purple it's almost black, but you draw crimson in turn as your own claws dig into his chest. He's giggling, a rough and high-pitched gurgling in the back of his throat. It's demented and rings loudly in the spacious room he's made into his lair, and you hiss at him. You grind your hips down onto his none too gently, but he doesn't mind. Your kind never was one for gentle caresses. Mating was always meant to be rough - and dangerous. Your single eye, the colour of amethyst and slit like a pupil glares down at him as he enters you with a jerk of his hips. The other eye is a pucker of spidery and pale scar tissue. Your grip on him tightens.

"You bleed like one of *them*," you snarl in a language as archaic as he and you, "you *look* like one of *them*." Contempt shines clear in your voice, at the form he's taken - pale white skin, flaming red hair, and covered in washed out fabrics you had delighted in tearing. He giggles again, "Yes, yes, yes, but so do *you*," his voice sounds in your head. "Not so much," you punctuate your words with a sharp grind of your hips downward. Your form is barely humanoid, covered in patches of purple-black scales with a tail sprouting from your tailbone and spines running down your back. Gristly fangs sprout from your jaws in odd angles and you bare row upon row of teeth in a meaningless display, letting strings of drool land on his face. He doesn't care - he mocks you with a leer.

You had seen the humans mate when you first arrived on this ball of mud and water, hungry and drawn to the emotions they leaked out into the air. They had been a pleasant snack and your teeth are still stained with their remains. This isn't like that. His tool is not so primitive as their's are. It burns hot nestled between your hips,

wriggling and pushing deeper and deeper.

Your deadlights pulse in your chest in time with his, and you writhe upon your perch as pleasure and arousal send fresh waves of thick, clear slick down your legs. "Enjoying yourself, are you?" He says, voice pitched high. "Hah, never knew you had it in you."

You snarl something halfway between a curse and a growl of gibberish, jerking your hips down so you nearly impale yourself on him. He still doesn't shut up and he once more devolves into a series of cackling giggles. You wrap a hand around his neck, squeezing it until his giggles come out in choking rasps. His eyes bulge, but not in fear, never fear. These forms are mere meatsacks, they do not need to breathe, but it is an effective way of shutting him up. He doesn't rattle anything in your head, thank fuck (you don't like the humans, but you do like their language). "Shut up," you rumble, but you are cut off as his hips snap upwards and drags out a choking moan from your throat. Not very intimidating.

Crimson blood is now pooling around your claws, slowly leaking from the puncture wounds in his chest. Your own life-essence leaks out in slow, steady drops as his claws tighten around your hips. He rakes them down your side and blood wells up in the wounds. You arch your back, primitive bones cracking and crunching. You lean forward and let your tongue flicker out from between your teeth, licking up the side on his neck. He purrs into the touch. You sink your fangs into the juncture between his neck and shoulders. He moans then, low and raspy. You smirk against his skin and release his neck, your teeth and lips dripping blood.

You are close now, you can feel your deadlights pulsing becoming more erratic, writhing and twisting in blistering arousal. He is close too, you can feel the pulse beneath your claws, through the blood flowing through them. Your jaw opens impossibly wide, folding back into itself as your face splits almost in half. A purple glow emanates from your throat, growing closer and closer until your deadlights settle heavily on your tongue. He does the same beneath you, orange and purple light mixing into a strange, supernatural hue. You lean down and slide your tongue into his maw, intertwining them as your deadlights mingle in a starburst of pleasure that explodes across your senses. Your very being thrums with energy and that's what brings

you over the edge. Your Singing your Song now, unintentional or not you cannot tell, and he finishes beneath you seconds later. He Sings too, and the Music weaves together in a clashing melody of discord and death. It doesn't work, or more like it shouldn't work, but it does.

Releasing your grip on him, you falter and lay on his chest, panting as you bask in the afterglow. And then you slide off with a squelch, slowly working him out of you with a shimmy and wriggle of your lower body. Your legs are shaking, and you feel tired, content. For a moment you sway on your feet and wonder if you have enough energy to find a safe place to rest before leaving this planet. You don't, you decide, and fold your limbs beneath your body to settle beside him. He looks bemused and you curl your upper lip a sneer.

You still hate him, even if he's a good lay.